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thoughtfulness. The two girls had walked on another hundred yards or so without speaking, when Mary was roused from her reflecthe Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An Instantaneous Painrelieving and Healing Remedy.

SELECT POETRY.

CYPRESS.

Moonlight, and leve, and magnoba trees.
A bare, gray house on a lonely hill; A river below, with the sweep of seas: An a'r of stillness, so strongely still— So still of trouble or strike or stir, I heard my hear: as it beat for her.

11. ter lover and she and the cypress trees Lake lilles upheld to the loveless me in : The darkness slaft by the sword of day nd under the appress trees lidden away,

er woodrous tair! Her eyes were as large As torch-lost deer's, that feeding in moss, and seeing the light in the launtsman's barge, Litts up its head and comes wading across, wide-yed and dazed, and reaches its head rusting and reaching-and so, shot dead

IV. he cypress is secret as Death," said L. "And Death, he is dearer to me than gold." the cypress woods and the waves hard by Have many and many a secret to holdor why did she turn to the wood and the wave And look and look as in dead love's grave? -Jonguin Miller in the Curre

SELECT STORY.

MARY'S VISITOR. BY H. L.

CHAPTER I.

"Estelle, are you ready?"

A little shriek of horror is the ar wer, and in another moment Estelle Verries comes flying down stairs, boots nbuttoned, neckerchief unfastened,

hat and gloves in hand. "My angelie Mary, if you scold me I shall die! Blame the chair you have put in my room. It is positively too I could not keep awake in it. Suddenly I hear a great strike of the clock: I jump up and find I have only a tiny five minutes to dress in! Ah! dear, patient Mary, forgive the foreigner and her abominable ways!" "Never mind about apologizing,

cour hat on." "My boots!" Estelle looks down at them in depair, and then droping on her knees the hall, tries to do them up with her weak little fingers.

child, but button your boots and put

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders

when Mary comes down again she flings both arms round her, and calls her her best-beloved cabbage. "Tell me, Mary," she asked, as they walked down the garden on their way to Mrs. Charlesworth's tennis party. will that dreadful red-baired engineer

be there-you know; the man who is so stapid and gauche? "Sure to be," said Mary dryly He's devoted to Eva Charlesworth "Poor girl! I pity her," observed Mile Verries, emphatically.

"Oh, you needn't do that; she doesn't care a fig for him. And beside, the fault, and he showed tact now. dreadful red-haired engineer, as you politely call Arthur Rivers, is a very

"I call him a beast, !" said Estelle, with exceeding frankness. "Now, Estelle," said Mary sharply, I won't have you pick up bad words from my young brothers, and I won't have you speak rudely of my friends.

"Do you like him?" inquired her companion, stepping forward, so as to at her. But in a very few minutes, get a good look at her face. "Certainly," replied Mary, not the least disconcerted by the mischievous scratiny of the dark eyes.

Estelle let go of her arm and held up both hands in amazement. "You are funny, you English! You ositively like people because they are "Certainly," replied Mary again.

"But men never are good," answered Estelle, changing her ground. "My mother says so, and she knows Your poor mother was unfortunate her experience of them; but surely, cause one Englishman was a wicked

usband to her, she would not condemn all the rest! "Oh, that is only part of what she knows," said Estelle, confidently. "She has seen a great deal of life, and she has always taught me never to

trust any man at all, however good e may seem." Mary was silent, not liking to say what she thought of such training. Estelle's French mother had been

oreed, when hardly more than a child, into a marriage with a wealthy Englishman, who had treated her with neglect and brutality and finally deserted her. Released from galling bonds by the in-tervention of the law, she had imme diately quitted his hated country, and retired with little Estelle to a quiet suburb of Paris, where the child was brought up to call herself French, and to hate everything that was English. Yet, when an invitation came from Mrs. Cotterell for Estelle to spend a whole Summer with her at Coppenham the girl's reluctance to go was overridden by her mother, who never forgot that the Cotterells, husband and wife, had been the only people in England whose sympathy she had been able to gently. accept or rely on. So Estelle nerved herself for a visit to her native country, and once at Coppenham, found to her surprise that she was going to enjoy herself. She found English country ife charmingly novel; she particularly liked the admiration accorded to her beauty and vivacity, and she took at once to Mary Cotterell, who had much of her mother's intelligent tact and

summarily disposed of by Estelle a few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

had no good looks to boast of, but carried himself particularly badly, with a kind of undignified shamble, his head forward and his hands forever in his lim just overwhelmed—frantic—my all his energies to getting Hal Armitage the colonial post desired for him had no good looks to boast of, but carpockets. Estelle managed to convey her opinion of him to Mary by a rapid little grimace and shrug of the shoul-

forget your name." He put out his hand to Estelle in an unthinking way, much to her displeasure. He ought only to have ing an orchestra, and ended on tiptoe, bowed; and how dared he forget her name! Her reluctant little fingers just touched his. Rivers saw now, and his lips

witched with amusement. Beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'll only bow another time," he said, bluntly. "Hate shaking bands myself it's a barbarous custom. I suppose you are bound, like me, for Charlesworth's, Mary ?"

On her assenting he turned and walked beside her, without asking whether his company was desired or "If you were polite, Arthur, you

"Quite right, too," he returned, with smile. "You see," Mademoiselle, "Do you mean that you are going Lye no sisters to lick me into shape."
Estelle was not sufficiently well up
in English slang to understand quite what he meant by this, but, gathering from the pleasantness of his smile that it could not have been anything rude.

she condescended to answer. "I've no sisters or brothers either," she said naively.
"Ah! I thought so."

Rivers had guessed it from her manner, which was very much that of a spoiled only child; but he managed to spoiled only child; but he managed to ously of her confession of a jealous of the loves me a little, much, more, which was very much that of a sway, too full of the happiness Estelle side of it with a face full of childish gayety.

"He loves me a little, much, more, and the country of the "Why ?"

Estelle allowed herself to be gradually drawn into conversation, and was getting quite interested in comparing notes with him about the Rivers, when an amused, approving little nod finding herself blushing was so great

"I brought home no end of mementoes." among them some flowers from Men-One-roots I mean-which I planted in the garden here for Mrs. Charles-worth. Would you like to see them?" Estelle sprang up, ready to go anywhere rather than continue to sit with her face in full view of all the players. She was sure every one must be looking

thanks to Rivers' tactics, she was herself again, and inwardly determined to pay Mary out. This little episode had cured her of her dislike to the young engineer, and before the evening was over her feelings had undergone a further revulsion She and Mary were asked, with some of the other guests, to stay to the o'clock supper at Mrs. Charlesworth's. and later on there was a general vote for music. Estelle was known to have a beautiful voice, but she was exceed-

ngly nervous, and could not be prevalled upon to sing until Eva suggested prehension of possible difficulties. that she should be supported by a violin obligato. "That would give me courage," Es telle admitted, "and I know this song

"Oh! my fiddle and I are at home in this drawing room," said Rivers, coming up quickly and drawing a case

from under a low settee. Estelle regarded him doubtfully, making up her mind that she would stop singing at once if his playing did not lease her. She need not have been alarmed. He was a thorough musician, and soon she confessed to herself that such instinctive sympathy. Her mellow voice gathered strength and eveness as she felt she could rely on the response of his violin to its faintest in lections, and at the end of the song heir eyes met in a glance of mutual

understanding and admiration. Hal Armitage turned to Eva Charles worth with a significant chuckle. "Our good Arthur is smitten," said-"settled and done for." Eva followed the direction of hi eyes and appraised Estelle critically. "I hope it may be so," she answered

CHAPTER II. For a week or two Estelle went bout in a frame of mind which is apt to upset the calmest natures, and, which in a girl of her excitable tem-

perament, took the shape of extreme fitful alternations between turbulent galety and tearful depression. She at his feet, sobbing, crying, raving, would have worked herself into tever flinging herself about in violent hys had it not been for the sincere good sense and unobtrusive sympathy of Then one day she darted into the

about it."

heart's beating all over me!"
"That dreadful red-haired man?

"That dreadful requirements and Mary mischievously.
"How dare you call him dreadful! from Mary, who added an explaining the standard of the part played by Arthur.
"Are you satisfied now!" asked the latter, with the sternness she found have salutary than gentleness. ders before he came up to them.

"How do you do, Mary? How do
you do, Mademoiselle—er—I really

"How dare you call him dreadful!
Yes, yes, I know that's what I said, but then I began to like him just a ossing them high above her head. "So, after all, you have found a man you can trust," said Mary, half joking-ly, and not at all prepared for the sud-den cloud that settled on Estelle's face.

She did not answer at once, and then her tone changed.

"Mary, you told me he was devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

but clearly I we s mistaken."
"No, you were not. He told me about it himself. He says a long time ago he asked her to marry him, but she singular coincidence that the following wouldn't. She said she liked somebody day Arthur should be walking through would offer to carry my racquet and shoes," observed Mary, laughing. "You can't imagine what a bad opinion Mademoiselle Verries is forming of her till I came, and then he found out while Estelle stood by her in Frenchi-

passionately. Mary's first impulse was to be indig-

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders her peremptority into a hall chair, and drawing a button hook from her own pocket, proceeds to do up the high foreign boots.

"There' Now turn slowly round, and let me see that you are all right."

Estelle obeys submissively.

"So I see, but as it is always rough, that makes very little difference. I suppose you must do now. Put on your gloves; and where's your para-sol!"

Pose. he hastny crossed over to where the fair, slender Eva Charlesworth was drawing a were other considerations that seemed to him of more importance, and espectially he had on his mind the difficult letter that must be immediately written to Madame Verries. But gradually be became aware that Estelle's distrust was far deeper seated than he had conceived possible, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most; Estelle, and it is hard to say which of the would not here the kind. There was not the vestige of a smile for her bad behavior.

But Arthur d

put forth fresh shoots as soon as the old ones were killed off. At last a crisis arrived. Eva Charlesworth had long ago promised to marry Hal Armitage as and smile from Mary brought the color soon as he should be able to keep a to her face. She was a complete child wife, but her parents would allow no in many respects, and her vexation at open engagement, as Hal was a Harum Searum fellow, with a great distaste that the tears started to her eyes. for hard work, and correspondingly Rivers wondered what on earth had little prospect of making a sufficient happened; but if his manners were income. The poor girl was beginning abrupt, his good feeling was rarely at to suffer from the effects of long waiting, and to feel, though she never doubted her lover's affection, that he he continued, quietly, "and was not doing all he might to forward

their marriage, when it was mentioned am I ever to feel safe?" before her one day that Arthur Rivers had a voice in the appointment of manager for some engineering works in New Zealand. Eva resolved to make an appeal to him on behalf of the beginning," and therewith he got the man she was ready to follow to the end of the word, and an opportunity presented itself shortly at the Cotterells, where she was spending the even-

ing.
"I want to speak to you in private presently, Arthur," she said in a low voice, almost as soon as they had shaken hands.

Arthur bowed with the stiffness required of him by Estelle, but his words were cordial. "Whenever and wherever you like,

"In the conservatory, then, while Estelle is singing," she replied, indicat-ing by a nervous little laugh her com-

Soon Estelle was called to the piano At the end of her first song she missed Rivers, but it was not till she finished a second that she discovered that Eva for voice and violin; but who is the had also absented heaself. In a moment her indignant jealousy surged up. and trembling all over with suppressed fear and anger, she went to the head of the steps which led down into the conservatory. Two figures were stand-ing below her, half hidden by a tall

"You know I will do all I can for on, Eva," said the man. "I know you have always been bet ter to me than I deserve," said the she had never been accompanied with woman, her voice hardly under control. "You will keep my secret, now Ar

thur ? "I will keep your secret and serv you, said Rivers, with just that strong gentleness in his voice which she hought he had no right to use to any one but her. The miserable gir lenched her hands and teeth in the et fort to restrain herself, conscious of the infitness of making a scene, but selfontrol was not to be learned in a mo-

ent and passion asserted itself. "Arthor," she said, in a low and choking voice, and stopping down to ward 'him, "you are a traitor—you have deceived me—you ——" she could hardly speak, and now she put one hand to her head, while the other extended, forbade his approach. she stood for a moment, then her figure swayed, she missed her footing. and he only caught the words, "Ab you have killed me!" before she fell teries, like one possessed.

"Eva, shocked beyond measure quiet Mary Cotterell, who understood called Mary Cotterell to her aid, and with as little fuse as possible, they got tions by feeling her arm suddenly pinched. Looking up, she discovered rapidly approaching them the young man whose "goodness" had been so wildly.

Then one day she darted into the house, dragged Mary to her room, and there barst out crying and laughing man whose "goodness" had been so wildly.

summarily disposed of by Estelle a few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

Slightly above the average height disproportionately broad, he not only had a certainly was to be a certainly with a control of the course I can guess, and I'm as glad as ever I can be, dearie. Tell me all reason.

"Leave her to me for a few days," by Eva.

"Why hasn't Arthur been to see me asked Estelle, looking down. "You went too far this time; you

orget that he has his pride. Estelle sprang up and dropped on her knees beside Mary's chair. "Let me go to him! Not to his house-I don't mean that, but somewhere where I shall meet bim. Oh !

my dear Mary, do this one thing for to Eva Charlesworth."

"Oh, did I?" said Mary, much embarrassed. "Well, I used to think so, but clearly I we mistaken."

"I don't think you deserve anything of the sort," said Mary sharply, and nothing like a promise could be extorted from her.

It was therefore, of course, only a Mademoiselle Verries is forming of you."

He took the things from her, rapidly glancing up and down Estelle, who looked betwitchingly pretty under her looked betwitchingly pretty under her looked betwitchingly pretty under her looked baby!"

he only cared for her like a brother, but for me in quite a different way. He says she is very good, but I hate her. I am frightened of her; she is so pretty and sweet and I'm such a rough, dismitted baby!"

he only cared for her like a brother, that when Arthur came upon them Mary should be high up from the ground in a thick bush, and quite out of sight and hearing behind the looked baby!" leafy screen which encompassed her

to begin by being jealous?" asked about.

Mary quite coldly.
"I have told him he must never let now? She had meant to be very humme see him near her !" declared Estelle ble and penitent, but it was never any use for her to decide beforehand how she would behave, and now, when she nant, but the memory of Estelle's training came into her mind, and she resolved to be very patient and gentle with her. For the moment she dismissed the subject lightly. missed the subject lightly.

As to Arthur Rivers, he walked field daisy she went and stood on her

spoiled only child; but he managed to escape blunderingly from telling her so. By this time they had reached Mrs. Southworth's lawn, and with a short "Oh, can't say; intuition, I suppose," he hastily crossed over to where

suppose you must do now. Tut on your gloves: and where's your parasol?"
"Up stairs. I don't want it."
"Vest you do. I'll get it for you."
"We ought to fraternize," he said, drawing his chair rather forward so as to get a good view of her face, "since to get a good view of her face, "since we neither of us play this all-engrosswe neether of us play this all-eng ing game. Are you over in England worthy feelings down, but their deep girl, her cheeks flaming. "You think roots in her temperament and education I have not suffered. Atthur, for pity's

sake, do not look at me like that! What could the man do? Did he not love this wayward child, with all her unjustifiable distrust of himself better than anything else in the world First the position of their hands hanged, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone soft

"I will never, never doubt yo gain!" she exclaimed, passionately. 'Never till next time," said Rivers with a just perceptible smile. How She would have protested, but he

"Estelle, Estelle! how long will this

phase last?

silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from over the stile and proceeded to make love so delightfully that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and

called her a horrid bore." But Mary was too well content at the completeness of their reconcilation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in

the end by sheer force of love and pa

Knocking Out Burglars. Any of your detectives got on t hat new mob of burglars yet?" asked as he entered the office of the Chief of Police of Detroit.

"Well, no arrests have yet been

"And there won't be. The chaps have got enough, I reckon, and if they haven't left town by this time m a sinner. "What do you know about burg-

out a hand with every knuckle skin-ned. I dont wait for burglars to up and burgle me; I try to get n the first blow. Last night I took a ittle walk around and met a burglar, "How do you know !" "Well, I asked his name and bus and he told me to go to Sheol. With

"See that ?" he queried, as he held

that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him get up and fly ess'n half an hour I met another. "How did you indentify him ! "I took him by the collar and told him that his jig was up, and his con-fusion gave him away. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him take the grass! The third

one I met at about 11 o'clock.'

"What! Another ?"

"Spotted, old fellow, and you're "He yells for the police, but I'm up to all these dodges. With that I pop-ped him, and I left him crawling these beings angeloids, and argued they leave behind them, in the discarded around on the grass. Say, I want to be a detective

"You bet! He was walking along

as softly as you please, and I dodges

He was told that the matter would e considered; and within the next your three eminent citizens, having an minent black eye, called at the office and each story began with,

Mark Twam's" Pension-A Washington telegram is as follows: On the 29th of June General Black addressed the following letter to Samuel Clements, a pension applicant

"Replying to your inquiry relative to your pension claim, certificate No. 297,520, it is proper to state that so much therein as is based on rheumatism, piles and sore eyes was rejected May 28, 1885, on the ground that there has been no pensionable disability there-from since June 20, 1884, the date your claim therefor was filed." Clements' claim was being looked

after by Senator Hawley, and Mrs. Hawley attends to all her husband's pension office business. She sent Clements the following postal card: I am informed that your pension allowed, and I congratulate you.

Very truly, Joseph R. Hawley. Joseph R. Hawley.

per H. W. Hawley.

Eimer, N. Y., July 8, 1885.—John
C. Black, Esq., Commissioner—Dear
Sir: I have not applied for a pension.

I have often wanted a pension—often
—ever so often, I may say but inasmuch as the only military service I
performed during the war was in the
Confederate army, I have always felt
a delicacy about asking you for it.

"What are you doing there !" "I'm a delicacy about asking you for it. However, since you have suggested the the guard," replied Steere, thing yourself, I feel strengthened. I "An excellent guard in and maiformations there are—a man who would regard rheumatism, piles and sore eyes as mere recreation and ing his gun to a shoulder like a squirrefreshment after the serious occupations of his day. If you grant me the pension, dear sir, please hand it to Gen. Hawley, United States Senator.

I mean, hand him the certificate, not the money, and he will forward it to gan, when he asked. me. You will observe by his postal card, which I inclose, that he takes a service ?" friendly interest in the matter. He thinks I've already got the pension, whereas I've only got the rheumatism, but I didn't want that: I had that before. I wish it were catching; I know that way sometimes. I have seen the

may be busy. Just hand it to Hawley —the certificate, you understand, if not transferable.

ties of production appear to have outgrown our requirements of consumpt We are in something like the condition in which the Egyptians were strictly and promptly, exclaimed after their seven years of plenty. Our granaries are overflowing : our warehouses are piled full of all sorts of merchandise; there is a greater accumulation of money than ever before, and the farmers, mechanics and bankers, Grant smiled, threw his cigar in to the forlorn of aspect and heavy of heart, are bemoaning the hardships of the the boat. situation, and inquiring, "When will times be better?" Everybody remempers the veritable story that has been repeated so often about Eben Francis, The relies of saints were once used as who was the Crossus of Boston half a a cu e for nearly every disease, and the century ago. Called upon for a moderate subsciption, he exclaimed, "Oh miraculous cures reported to have been dear! don't ask me to give anything; performed by saints and bishops are I've had half a million a dollars lying so numerous that, as Mr. Thrupp idle in the bank for six weeks; I've points out, the accounts of them "prolost the interest on it all that time." bably occupy more than one-half the There are a good many millionaires writings of Bede and many other of amenting losses of a similiar kind, but the early chroniclers." In the Church

their less affluent fellow-beings can of St Sophia, at Jerusalem there used hardly be expected to regard them to be exhibited a stone upon which compassionately. There are vast multitudes whose toll is sweetened and being examined before Pilate. This whose spirits are lightened by the knowl- stone was considered so miraculous edge that they are dwelling in the midst that pilgrims flocked by thousands to of abundance in which they can so the church to see it, and took the far participate as to make themselves measure of the foot prints, which were and those dependent upon them com- said to be perfectly visible, which they fortable. Fortune is never prodigal than usual, and that is a blessing that we are told how an abbess was healed temporary curtailment of the resources sicians by wearing the girdle of of the favored few, who in their worst Cuthbert. There is, too, the famous estate have more money than they can find any good use for.—Age of Steel. Pillar at Saragossa, who is related in A New Theory As to Disembodied Spirits.

famous Methodist, the Rev. Dr. D. D. Wheden, had, shortly before his death, evolved a curious theory as to disem-bodied spirits. His idea was that the entire nervous system of a human being, not the contents of the cranium alone, constituted the mind. Therefore, the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of man just like his body so far as configuration was concerned. He believed that at death this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself, and became the form of the spirit, visible to its fellows. and, under some conditions, to terrestrial folks. Dr. Wheden described how the soul gets out of the body. "Emerging upward," he says, awakes into the pure ether-a blessed atmosphere. This paradisiae ether is an effluence from the divine essence, and the emancipated soul bathes, swims, lives in its own genial and native ele ment. Paradise thus pervades our air above and around us, and at death the spirit enters thereinto as through a veil." He intimated that apparitions are glimpses of the beings of this close by but usually invisible world. "Even the resurrected body of Christ," says, "walked through the solid wall of the house, and first revealed itself to His disciples at the table." He called

corpse, the baser attributes. The per-

tinency of Wheden's theory to modern

spiritualism lies in the harmony with

the alleged phenomena of materializa-tion. It has been seized upon by sev-

eral of the professional mediums, and

in some of the seances, forms in sem-

blance comporting with the conditions

of angeloids, have been shown to as-

Spiritualism has a new hobby. That

Grant and the Young Sentinel. OW THE GENERAL WAS COMPELLED TO

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Tran-sient advertisements must be paid for before in-serted except where parties have accounts. Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's, and Audices three dollars. Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, reg-ular advertisements half rates.

PUT OUT HIS INEVITABLE CIGAR, Captain John R. Steere, now an inmate of the Soldier's Home, tells a good story, showing how he, when but 16 years of age, made General Grant

obey his own orders.
The occurrence took place in the early stages of the war, shortly after Grant had received his commission as brigadier-general. John Steere, then a boy a little over 16 years of age, enlisted The morning after young Steere got his gan he was stationed at General Grant's headquarters as guard. It was in November and the day was a cold and boisterons one. As every pers n who came near the place seem-ed to be an officer he molested no one, devoting all his time and attention to keeping himself warm and comfortable Morpheus courted him and he

"What are you doing there ?", "I'm

"An excellent guard indeed. Do haven't any very pensionable diseases you know whose headquarters this is? myself, but I can furnish a substitute— "Yes, sir: General Grant's" a man who is just simply a chaos, a The officer looked at the guard a museum of all the different kinds of moment in silence, and then thunder The officer looked at the guard a aches and pains, fractures, dislocations ed: "Stand up there, sir, and bring

"How long have you been in the

service !" "Several days."
"Do you know who I am !" "No, sir ; never saw you before. "I am General Grant. You have deserted your post of duty, sir, which is a very serious breach of discipline. I will not punish you this time, bus, a man that I would load up with it I will not punish you this time, bus, pretty early. Lord, but we all feel young man, be very careful it does not occur again. Orders must be strictly day when-but never mind that, you

S. veral days after this young Steere was put on guard on a steamboat which was being loaded with provisions and ammunition, with orders to allow no one with a lighted pipe or a cigar to come within a given distance. He had not been at his post of duty more than an hour when General Grant approached with a lighted cigar between his teeth. He seemed to be deep in thought but, the moment he can e near the gangplank his musings

were interrupted.
"Halt!" cried the young guard, bringing his gan to his shoulder. The General was taken completely guar who nad nambed state, soung un, amazed and then his counter showed signs of rising anger. But he did not budge an inch "I have been taught to obey orders

Steere, quoting the General; "and as my orders are not to allow any one to approach this boat with a lighted eight, you will please throw yours

river, and crossed the gangplank on to

Relies and Cures.

henceforth wore around their necks as in her gifts to them, but they have less a remedy for disease. As further incause of complaint about hard times stances of this species of faith-healing ought to reconcile everybody to the of a disease which had baffled all phyanswer to the prayer of one of her worshipers, to have restored a leg that had been amputated. There is a picture of the miracle in the cathedral of Saragossa, opposite the image. Again a broken arm was mended by the application of the wood of a cross erected by St. Oswald, and innumerable cares are said to have been wrought by holy water into which chips of oak blessed by St. Oswald, or pieces of Bishop Earconwald's horse litter had been dipped. Once more Mr. Thrupp mentions how the hair of a saint's beard dipped in holy water and taken inwardly was constantly prescibed as a powerful remedy for fever, while blindness was said to have been frequently cured by rubbing the eyes with relics. Hallam, it may be emembered, denounced in no measured terms these pretended miracles of the church which he explains as "the work of deliberate imposture.' cathedral and monastery had its tutelar saint and every saint his legend, fabricated in order to enrich the churches under his protection by exaggerating his miracles, his virtues, and conse-quently his power of serving those who paid liberally for his patronage. Among the numerous survivals of these miraculous faith cures associated with our Lord and the saints which still exist in our own country may be ment

> vative against fever. An English cutler now makes what he calls a fisherman's knife, which weighs less than a pound, and is carried at the belt, yet contains a gaff, scissors, weing scale up to twenty pounds, large and small biade, a screw driver and file, a tin opener, a corkscrew, a gimlet, an eighth-inch measur-

ioned the apocyphal correspondence between our Lord and Abgar, King of

on the person is considered a preser-

Edessa, a copy of which